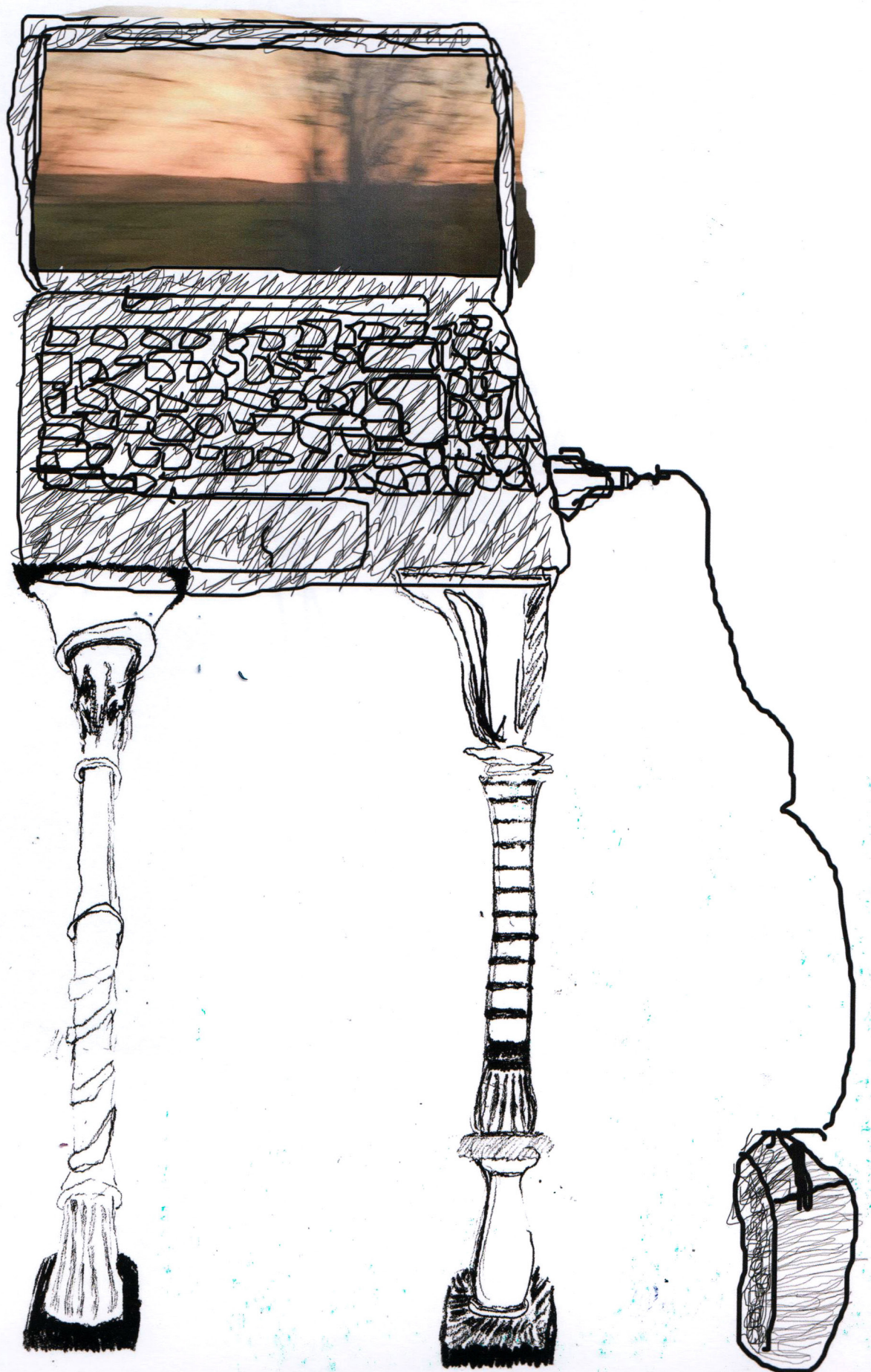


ordinator



light drizzle fell
from the sky
falcon lands
with the moon
on my arm,
and slinks away
like a yellow dog

passed doe deer
dunking heads at field
levered in pump-jack
scouring: -
with the commuters
I go by watching
such beasts

.....Bliss
windows_wallpaper.....
The hill burned without a flame,
without the deep brightness
in and out of the dark
which brightness forms,
it withered as to
a cheerful desert.
It lasts forever:
across it, we assembled,
like flags, shelves of objects.
Green it moves aside
vision to a brighter green: no focus,
a field without wind whispering
as thin and sound as paint

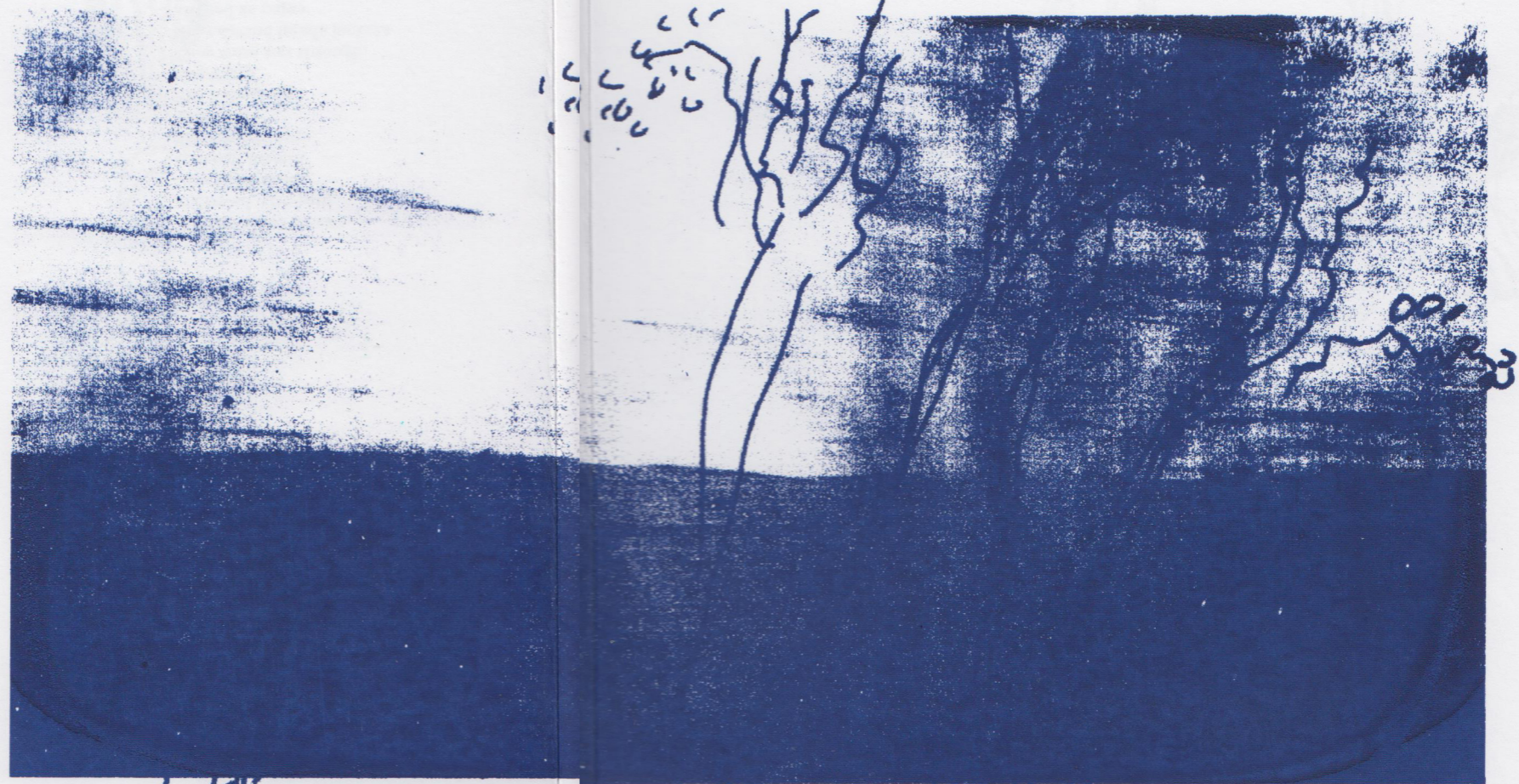


Into smudged houses
mellowed with rain,
they their needs
spurted, thrown
like torch beams
outwards:
like blitz-lamps
searching.
They were wet through,
their second hands jackets
as good as paper

call it what you like
RITUAL CLEANSE /
WILD SWIM / what it is
is a dunk in the well,
dunk in the dark,
underfoot sticks and bark
could be clanky skeletons,
mud wiped from our feet
before sliding boots
back on again



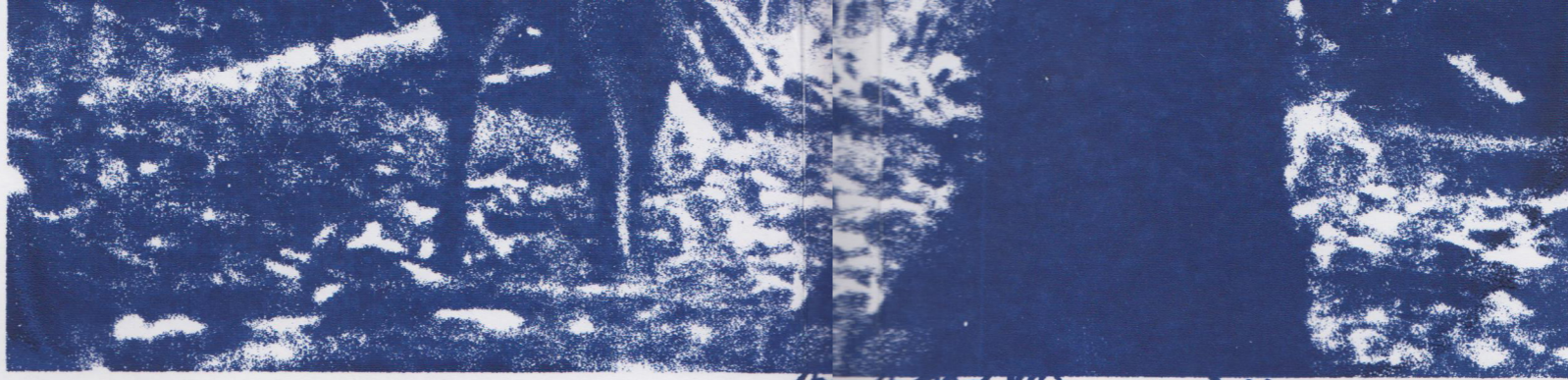




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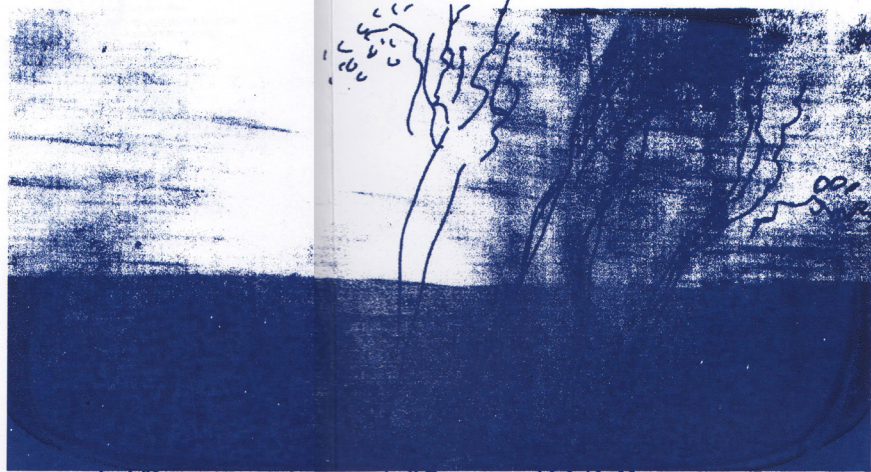


Barking Muntjac

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